

We begin the story just after the end of `Robot': Harry has entered the TARDIS for the first time and the Doctor is taking him and Sarah on a trial flight. Having set the coordinates for the moon, he leaves to check on something else deep in the inner recesses of the ship, leaving his two companions alone in the control room.

Sarah is enjoying Harry's bewilderment, and plays up to her role as experienced time traveler. She points out the different controls with pretended familiarity, flicking a switch here, pressing a button there. `What's that one, old girl?' asks Harry, indicating a large manual dial on one of the panels.

Sarah hesitates momentarily. She doesn't want to be caught out not knowing, so she makes something up. `Just the temperature control,' she says casually. `Better leave it alone.'

`Good,' says Harry. `It's a bit warm in here.' And before she can stop him, he twiddles the dial.

Immediately the TARDIS lurches. With the instincts of a sailor, Harry hangs on tight to the console. Sarah is thrown to the floor and lands hard on her bottom, with her flowered dress in disarray about her thighs.

As she struggles to her feet, gingerly rubbing her tender seat, the Doctor bursts into the room. `Who touched the helmic regulator?'

`Helmic what?' asks Harry. `But Sarah said it was the thermostat!' The Doctor looks across at her with fury in his eyes. Harry decides to try and defuse the situation. `Still, it was only a bit of turbulence. No real harm done, eh?' Sarah continues rubbing her bottom.

`No harm, you think,' says the Doctor, checking the controls. `Let's see, shall we?' He presses a lever and the doors swing open. `Out you go, Harry,' he says, then takes Sarah by the earlobe and pulls her along with him.

Harry is astonished at his new surroundings in the Nerva control room. `I thought we were just going round the moon,' he says, `then back to UNIT HQ.'

`That's where we would be if *somebody* hadn't fiddled with the controls while we were in flight.' He looks Sarah directly in the eye. `Which means that *somebody* is going to get a good spanking now.'

Sarah's eyes widen in panic. `No, Doctor, please, not in front of Harry!' But even as the words have left her mouth she is already horizontal across the Doctor's knee, her feet helplessly in the air. The Doctor pulls up her flowered skirt, and then her white lace petticoat goes the same way, exposing her round bottom in white cotton panties.

`Oh I say,' says Harry.

For the next minute, a mixture of smacks and squeals ring out. In about fifty slaps, the Doctor's aim fails him just once, leaving fiery red fingermarks beyond the scalloped edge of Sarah's panties. Finally the searing spanking is over, and he sets her on her feet.

Sarah adjusts her disarranged clothing, her cheeks blushing as hot and furious as she knows the other end must be. To be spanked is bad enough, but to be spanked with Harry watching... For his part, Harry has the good grace not to know quite where to put himself.

The Doctor takes her to one side. `Oh, Sarah,' he says confidentially, putting an arm around her shoulder. She looks up at him with tearful eyes. `Harry didn't happen to touch any other switches, did he?'

`N-no,' she says, still rubbing her bottom and anxious to avoid a second dose.

`That's a relief,' says the Doctor. `Because the anti-drift compensator switch is near the helmic regulator. Think of it as the TARDIS's parking brake. If you'd let him turn that off we could have been in *real* trouble...'

We move on now to Part 4, with Sarah stuck in the ventilation shaft while pulling through the power cable. `I can't move forward or back,' she whines.

`What part is stuck?' calls the Doctor. `Shoulders or hips?'

`Both,' she wails.

`You do realize what this means, don't you Sarah?' says the Doctor evenly.

`When this is all over, we'll have to dismantle the entire infrastructure of this part of the Ark, just to get you out.'

`Doctor, be serious!'

`I am being serious. It'll all have to be taken apart, panel by panel, rivet by rivet. Judging by the schematic, the engineers could have you out in, what, two days? The back end of you anyway. Where your shoulders are looks like a more fiddly job. Think of it: for the next twelve hours you'd be just a bottom sticking out of a bulkhead. The very bottom that caused all that trouble and work. I think everyone will be queuing up to give it a good smack, don't you?'

This terrible thought galvanizes Sarah into action: she works herself free and gets through the remaining part of the shaft at high speed, triumphantly handing the cable to the Doctor as soon as she is on her feet. He takes it from her and gets straight to work connecting it.

`Well, come on, a few congratulations wouldn't go amiss,' she says.

`We've lost enough time already,' says the Doctor brusquely. `I'll talk to you later.'

Sarah makes a little highpitched noise and kicks her heel up in mild annoyance while the Doctor continues to work.

And now we jump forward to the ending. The Wirrn have been led into space, and the human race is saved. But the Doctor has one request of Vira: `Do you happen to have somewhere out of the way where I can have a private word with my assistant?'

Vira directs him, and the Doctor gestures for Sarah to come with him. `Not you, Harry,' he adds sharply.

`Time for my congratulations?' says Sarah. `Though why you can't say it in front of everyone else I don't know. After all, I did save the Ark by getting that cable through...'

`And very nearly caused its destruction by getting stuck,' says the Doctor sternly. `Girls like you are never up to it when it comes to the crunch. Time running out, the fate of humanity on a knife-edge, and you just lay there blubbing!'

`But...'

`That's why we're in here, Sarah. I'll congratulate you when we're back outside, but first you're going to get the spanking you deserve.'

Suddenly she is over his lap with her pants around her knees. Her clothes were changed when she got caught up in the machinery in Part 1, and we now see that this included her underwear: her bottom is covered with a pair of skintight white shorts which extend from just below her waist all the way to mid thigh, quite unlike the modern bikini panties she usually wears. Completely unfazed by this, the Doctor gives her a thundering good spanking. She kicks and screams, but nothing will ever stop the steamhammer of his palm until finally he sets her on her feet with her pants still down.

She looks down as she starts to put her clothes back together. It's the first time she has seen what she is wearing for underwear, and she finds the sight only a little less horrifying than the spanking she has just endured: they almost look like something her granny might wear. She opens her mouth to say something, but then thinks better of it. Does the Doctor even notice things like that, she wonders?

The Doctor is already on his way out of the door as Sarah fastens her pants, and

he is as good as his word: Sarah gets fulsome praise for her part in the victory and everyone, with the possible exception of Harry, puts her evident discomfort down to modesty.

Vira asks Sarah if there is anything they can do to thank her. `Well, there is one thing,' asks Sarah. `Can I have my own clothes back, the ones I was wearing before I was frozen?'

Vira sadly shakes her head. `They will have been dispatched to the incinerator. I'm sorry. But you may keep those garments with all our thanks. It is the least we can do.'

Sarah checks an urge to grimace and turns it into a graceful smile. But when she and Harry go into the TARDIS to prepare for the trip down to Earth to repair the Ark's transmat system, she makes a point of changing her clothes. In particular, to counteract the memory of those passion killers, she chooses herself a very pretty pair of panties. But we shall not get to see them until she is spanked in `Genesis of the Daleks'...

And so the Doctor and his companions beam down to Earth to face the Sontaran experiment. Meanwhile, back on the Ark, the TARDIS, lacking the stabilizing power of the anti-drift compensator, gets caught in a time eddy and fades out of existence...